

ESSEX STANDS UP FOR NUGENT

COUNTY COMMITTEE PROTESTS AGAINST OUSTING.

Denounces the "High Handed Seizure of the Democratic Organization of the State" and Extends Assurance of the Committee's Continued Support.

Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Essex county Democratic committee in New York last night strongly endorsing the leadership of James R. Nugent, who was recently deposed as chairman of the State committee following his "ingrate and liar" toast to Gov. Wilson. The resolutions protest against the action of the State committee in deposing Mr. Nugent and promise him continued support. They are as follows:

The Essex county Democratic committee, legal and accredited representative body of the Democratic party of the largest and most important political subdivision of New Jersey, maintaining its unwavering loyalty and allegiance to the cause of Democracy and voicing its ardent hope of keeping this county for many years the Republican Gibraltar of the State in the Democratic ranks, to which it was brought only by effect of unfair and unscrupulous and unselfish effort in the case of the people against the might of special interests, backed by a recent Republican party, believes it to be its duty to record a solemn protest against the recent high-handed and unscrupulous seizure of the party organization in this State.

We feel that under the chairmanship of James R. Nugent the Democratic State committee was rehabilitated, the party organizations in all the counties were cemented and made strong factors in carrying the recent campaigns to a successful conclusion.

It is a matter of universal knowledge, as common as the day, that the work of upbuilding the party he found the local organizations in many counties to be mere shadows of the party, and entirely dominated by Republican bosses. These shadows were transformed into substantial bodies, capable of fighting the battles of their own party instead of remaining pliant tools of unscrupulous political bosses. The capacity for organization and the qualities of leadership displayed by Mr. Nugent were the main instruments in the development of Democratic strength where weakness and impotency had been most glaring.

It was James R. Nugent who waged such a relentless fight against the corruption of the ballot in Camden and Atlantic as to almost obliterate the tremendous Republican majorities in the one and to start moving the machinery of justice in quest of the criminals in the other.

In many other ways and at all times, under all circumstances and on all possible occasions, Mr. Nugent has carried on the battles of his party, always with the single purpose of serving the people and securing for them true representative government according to the sacred principles of the Democratic party.

The ineffectual State committee of a personal incident and its use as a subterfuge to depose the chairman was, in the opinion of the committee, unfair, unwise and undemocratic. It is a violation of the transacting of that office against monarchs, lease masters, into the State of New Jersey, where under the Federal Constitution freedom of speech is the heritage and the guarantee of every man. Mr. Nugent is not only the representative of Essex county in the State committee, in the local campaigns for many years past, where complete or partial victory has been achieved, his sagacity, skill and indomitable energy in the service of his party have gone far toward the attainment of success.

We feel it is our right to express our sentiments with respect to Mr. Nugent in his present relations with his party, therefore Resolved, That we declare our confidence in the loyalty of James R. Nugent to the cause of the Democratic party and in his capacity for leadership in the State and county, that we extend to him the assurance that his services to the Democracy are keenly appreciated by those who have fought the battles of his party with him here in Essex county, and that we extend to Mr. Nugent this evidence of our continued support and friendship.

Candidates for Senator, Assembly, Sheriff and other local offices were endorsed at the meeting. The League endorsed an independent slate for the primaries. They took up Senator Harry V. Osborne for renomination, as did the regulars. They selected John H. Nugent for Jersey City yesterday from Attorney Joseph M. Noonan, who for many years has been one of the mainstays of the Hudson county Democratic organization as a campaign spellbinder.

RESENT KINKAD'S EFFORTS.

Hudson County "Big Six" and Noonan Don't Like His Butting In.

The following letter concerning Representative Eugene F. Kinkad of the Ninth New Jersey Congress district as a long distance runner was received in Jersey City yesterday from Attorney Joseph M. Noonan, who for many years has been one of the mainstays of the Hudson county Democratic organization as a campaign spellbinder.

A Washington dispatch reports Congress man Kinkad as saying: "I made the longest speech last night at the caucus. If this be true and I am far from doubting it—the Congressman from New Jersey is entitled to the prize for prolixity, while others who participated in the caucus may divide the honors for endurance."

There is one good thing about Mr. Kinkad's oratory when printed—it reads quite as well backward as forward, and strong men have been known to weep when it was read with every other line omitted. There is nothing like it.

I know a man I cured after all the doctors had given him up. He had been bedridden for forty years when his nurses gave him a bundle of old papers and a walking stick. He got up and walked. This is no fake. Ask Gene.

P. S.—Please don't tell him who I am, for if you do he may get me an endorsement.

Representative Kinkad has complicated the Democratic political situation in Hudson county. He has been in the mixed up since the death last January of Robert Davis, the county boss, in an effort to force the machine to hush at the primaries for the nomination of former Mayor Adolph J. Banker, who of Hoboken for Sheriff. He has got into the game without the permission of the boss-ship of Davis, and many of the late leader's admirers are wondering whether he will develop into a leader all by himself or will be admitted to full partnership in the management of the county organization.

Tumulty to Run as a "Progressive Democrat" for Sheriff of Hudson County.

Felix Tumulty of Jersey City, a brother of former Assemblyman Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, will to-day file a primary petition for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Hudson county. Under the new German election law each candidate is permitted to have a designation of his words printed on his name on the primary ticket. Tumulty has evolved the following: "Progressive Democrat. Anti-Boss. Honest Jurist." His friends believe he is the first candidate for office in the county to file a petition labelled as a "Progressive Democrat."

BOY GAMBLER PINCHED.

Homemade Roulette Wheel Draws 'Crows' and 'Cains in Fourth Street.

A crowd of several hundred persons gathered around a young boy who was operating a roulette wheel in Fourth street just west of Broadway yesterday afternoon. The wheel was a homemade affair consisting of the top of a butter tub divided into twelve spaces and having in the centre a marker fastened to a revolving wheel. In each space was two cents worth of candy, for which old men of 60 as well as mere striplings were taking at a penny a throw. The youthful proprietor of the improvised gambling device spun the marker around and let it stop at random. Considerable excitement was caused among the younger tossers because the marker seemed always to stop in favor of the old sports of the crowd.

The crowd and interest in the game grew until finally Patrolman Wilbur J. Kennedy of the Mercer street station projected himself into the proceedings and carried the boy, who was raking in the pennies at an exhilarating rate, together with sufficient evidence to support his complaint, to the station house, where the boy gave his name as Isadore Nadler, 18 years old and a school-boy, of 98 Columbia street. Nadler said he was helping to support a widowed mother, but that his sales didn't seem to mount up very fast, so he decided to try a quicker method of getting money.

The boy was given over to the Children's society and will be tried to-morrow in the Children's Court, charged with juvenile delinquency.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT HUNTING.

Had a Busy Time in Arizona and Saw No Rebels—Short of Water.

YUMA, Ariz., Aug. 25.—"Great, yes, but if you insist on it, yes, we had a great trip," said Kermit Roosevelt to-night as he stretched himself on the veranda of the Yuma Hotel. "Look at these," and he called attention to four big buck sheep heads, trophies of his hunt in Lower California.

"Didn't see a rebel, at least if we did we didn't know he was a rebel," continued the young hunter. "We were shy of water for a while, but I got so I did not care much about water anyway. No, it wasn't mesquite just gum. If you chew gum enough you will find that you don't need water. But for the first two days my jaws got tired, for I was awfully thirsty and chewed gum until I was weary with it."

We turned back at Tinalas Altas ten days ago and made our way north. When we reached Pango Springs we were right ready for water and took our fill. We stayed there over night and started for Tule Tanks next morning. Tule was dried up and we had to make the best of it. For two days we didn't water enough to wet all our mouths, but we didn't mind so much.

"There was good hunting in the mountains. Dad hadn't anything like this. Even Africa can't produce it. I'm coming back again and will bring father with me. He's a good sport and will enjoy it immensely."

Kermit bade good-bye to his party to-night and started East.

BOMB IN CHRISTIE STREET.

Smashed Glass and Awoke Sleepers. No Letter to Herald It.

Christie street was deserted when Policeman Kaplan went through it at 1:30 this morning and stopped on the corner of Stanton street to talk to Detectives Shepard and Hanley. A moment later there was an explosion in front of Daniel Megacotto's saloon at 215 Christie street that shattered every window in the saloon and an adjoining butcher shop and brought a crowd of excited Italians running from all directions.

The detectives thought the bomb was thrown from a tenement across the way in which there was no apparent excitement, but when they went through the place every one was sleeping industriously ignorant of any bomb. The proprietor of the saloon had not received any threatening letters, he said, and could give no reason for the explosion.

TRAIN CREW FIGHTS FIRE.

Two Coaches Burned on Iron Mountain Road. Passengers Scared.

KENNETT, Ark., Aug. 25. The entire crew on the Iron Mountain Railroad fast passenger train No. 3, due in Little Rock at 7:30 o'clock to-night, fought fire near here this afternoon for nearly an hour, and two coaches were burned entirely. All the passengers had fled from the cars by the time the train stopped.

Men, women and children stampeded, fighting their way to exits, and it took the train crew some time to get them pacified. The fire started in one of the coaches and was beyond control before the passengers discovered their peril.

The burned cars were the women's coach and the men's smoking car. The passengers' property losses were small.

Arrivals on the Kaiserlin Auguste.

Among the passengers who arrived to-night on board the steamship Kaiserlin Auguste Victoria, from Hamburg, Southampton and Cherbourg, were Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Cassatt, Mr. and Mrs. Carolan, the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, Mr. and Mrs. Flagg, Mr. and Mrs. Schir, S. A. Ammon, W. H. E. Chapin, Pedro G. Cordova, Walter Grant Dickey, Jacob Ehrlich, M. D. Hammerberg, Prof. Langner, Director Bernhard Lindner, Egerston Parsons, Joseph Rappaport, C. H. Sanford, Dr. Milton, Schliker, W. S. Bates, Hans Wirt-Senton and Fred M. Woolworth.

Porgies Along New England Coast.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Porgies are again found off the Maine coast. The first were landed in Portland in many years were brought in Thursday. They were much like the ones which were the fact that they were porgies was of enough significance in itself. These fish have been so rare in Maine waters that nobody seemed to know just when the last ones were brought in.

Years ago was about the only reply the older fish dealers could give. There was a time when the porgies were so plentiful that hundreds of them were taken in a few hours. Then they dropped off and the business of extracting porgies fell off to almost nothing in these parts. Their appearance seems to be general along the whole New England coast. Up off Gloucester the fish are so plentiful that there is a great deal of business in catching them. They are, rather, trying to catch them, for the porgies are wild and have no inclination to be taken in the nets.

A Mexican Mountain People.

From the Scientific American.

In the more inaccessible parts of the Sierra Madre Mountains in northern Mexico live a curious people called the Tarahumaras. Many of them dwell in caves, but they have also small villages, all of them about 9,000 feet above sea level. The Tarahumaras are small in body, but possess a great deal of strength. Their food is maize and they manufacture a drink called tepalcates from the same cereal. Their language is limited to about 300 words and they cannot count beyond ten.

PROCEEDING AGAINST GROUT

ATTORNEY-GENERAL TO BEGIN ACTION FOR CONTEMPT.

Application Will Be Made To-day to the Supreme Court—Grout Challenges Deputy Bank Superintendent to Begin Action—Littleton Is His Counsel.

ALBANY, Aug. 25.—Papers were prepared at the Attorney-General's office to-day for making application to a Supreme Court Justice to-morrow to punish Edward M. Grout for contempt in refusing to obey a subpoena to testify in the Brooklyn Union Bank investigation, which is being conducted by the State Banking Department. Assemblyman Goldstein took the papers to New York city to-night to submit them to State Superintendent of Banks Van Tuyl for his signature.

The investigation was adjourned for the third time yesterday because Mr. Grout, who was president of the defunct Grout Bank, persisted in his refusal to present himself for examination by the commission unless ordered to do so by the courts or apprised beforehand of the counts concerning which he would be asked to testify. The adjournment was until next Monday, when the commission will pick up the thread of the earlier investigation, which led to the indictment of David A. Sullivan and Kenneth O. Southworth of the Mechanics and Traders Bank.

In the event of Attorney-General Carmody getting a body attachment for Mr. Grout it will be handed over to the Sheriff, if the usual process were followed. Mr. Grout in that case would be brought into court and if he refused to testify he would be committed as a refractory witness. The latest subpoena, which Mr. Grout failed to obey was made out by the Attorney-General himself and was signed by Superintendent of Banks Van Tuyl. Mr. Carmody made it a condition that the subpoena be delivered to Deputy Superintendent Edward Lane Dodge Mr. Grout yesterday acknowledged receipt of this subpoena. He wrote in part:

The most casual reading of section 8 of the banking law would convince any one of the fact that it was not designed for the purpose of enabling or empowering the Superintendent of Banks or his deputy to conduct such an inquiry into the affairs of a bank which had been in its charge for a number of years and a half. Notwithstanding the fact, however, that this proceeding which you are attempting to conduct is wholly unwarranted by the statute, notwithstanding the fact that it has no precedent in the history of the banking department in this State, and notwithstanding the further fact that there is no authority for such a hearing conducted in this manner by the Banking Superintendent of the State I was and am perfectly willing to assist you in this voluntary investigation which you deem necessary.

If you think that by any possible construction of section 8 of the banking law, or section 8 of the executive law or section 61 of the public officers law you have any right to compel my attendance before you I tell you frankly I will prefer to go to jail than to appear before you. I demand notice of such application so that I may present my rights to the court for determination. It is perfectly ridiculous that I should be subjected to any criticism or undignified exposure of my person or my name in connection with an unwarranted and illegal hearing before a body which you have persistently refused to afford me an opportunity to familiarize myself with and in a hearing conducted without any precedent in the law or banking history of this State.

It was announced yesterday that Mr. Grout had retained Congressman Martin W. Littleton to advise with and defend him in the matters pertaining to the Union Bank probe.

Reno Divorce for Mrs. Prynn of New York.

Reno, Nev., Aug. 25.—Mrs. Marianna Thurber Prynn to-day got a divorce from her husband, Francis Lansing Prynn, an electrical engineer of New York, for non-support.

Although her husband had means for several years she had been obliged to support herself from her own resources. Judge R. M. Smith granted the divorce after a hearing and the maintenance of her two children. The suit was not vigorously defended.

Went to Saloon to Die.

Edward McGuirk, aged 23, who was said to be homeless, went into the saloon of Max Carmel at 57 Driggs avenue, yesterday, last evening, and asked permission to lie down in a rear room. He had been there only a short time when he shot himself in the right temple with a revolver. He was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital.

Dog's Grave at Bar Harbor.

From the Lewiston Journal.

A bit more than half the length of the famous Shore path at Bar Harbor there is a spot where at first look appears to be a flower bed. Closer inspection shows no flowers to be there. It is a plain grass plot, set out in shape, surrounded by a small stone wall, the whole thing having been built up from the rocks of the shore below to the level of the path.

This oval grass plot, with its small pile of rocks at the small end, is at the point where the path passes through the estate of Edward McLean of Washington, D. C. Originally the McLean estate was later, comes now term, it was owned and built by John McLean of Boston, a millionaire. It was then one of the most beautiful spots in the place, as it is today. There Mr. McLean passed the summer months.

Among his possessions was a dog which he called "Lucky" and for which he had genuine affection. One summer a good many years ago this animal died. Mr. McLean had the dog buried in a hole in the shore path as it passes through his old estate, and there the dog was buried. The hole was filled with stones and the exact burial spot.

Fall Fashions for Men.

From the Haberdasher.

For autumn lovers of the most elaborate patterns are to be little in evidence. Everything is mixtures, and the more pronounced the coloration of colors the smarter is the cloth considered. The preferred fabrics are chevrons and homespuns with decided stripes, by which means knots in the cloth which make an irregular pattern of spots of color contrasting with the ground.

Thus we will see many blues spattered with red and green spots and olives spattered with blue, red and brown spots. But brown as a ground color is not for long; for long, though it stays for topcoats and ulsters.

In headwear for early autumn fashion favors the English style, of mixed goods, rather small dimensions and narrow curled brims. The shirt will be much in vogue, and with it will go the wing collar, with medium square point tabs of triangular shape.

Owing to the high waistcoat opening the cravat will be colorful in large all over figures, and not only wider at the knot than for several seasons past, but the narrow straight lines being passed in colors like half blue, half orange, half moderate wine and half black, high toe socks as prevails in popular goods. The newest in watch chains is the fine bar and link combination.

Black Bears on Up-State Farms.

From the Corning Leader.

Caton seems to have become a favorite resort of the black bear, which is just now appearing in the vicinity within the last two weeks. Monday night a black bear came out of the woods and was seen to bathe in the water trough at the Amos Lewis farm.

OTTAWA MAN MISSING?

Friends of Waldorf Guest Seek Police Aid to Find J. S. Irwin.

Two men went into the West Thirtieth street police station last night and said they were worried about J. S. Irwin, whom they described as a merchant from Ottawa, Canada, staying at the Waldorf. They said he was missing and wanted to know if the police had any knowledge of him or if he had been reported to the police as missing. At the West Thirtieth street station they had heard nothing. The two did not say who they were. Later a telephone message was received at Police Headquarters, presumably by the two men, that they had heard nothing. Headquarters had heard nothing of the man they named.

Again the two did not divulge their names and left no description of the man, nor request that a general report of missing be sent out. The police therefore, did nothing in the matter.

At the Waldorf the management said the same one was probably trying to play a joke on Mr. Irwin, who was a guest there until Thursday. He left then, saying that he was going away for a few days and would return. He wanted the room held for him and left some of his baggage. He was known to the management, as he had several times previously stopped at the hotel on his visits to New York. They did not know his occupation. He was a man who was well to do and is about 40 years old. They feel sure that nothing has happened to him and that he will shortly be back.

BOY TOSSED BY AUTO AND CAR.

Thrown on the Track by the Machine and Then Hurled Forward by the Trolley.

Eight-year-old Israel Slomkin of 1376 De Kalb avenue, Williamsburg, was mortally injured last night in front of his home when he was first struck by an automobile belonging to Oscar Best of 122 Jefferson street and then hit by an east-bound car of the De Kalb avenue line.

The boy was with playmates and was running across the roadway when the auto in charge of Theodore Schankel of 198 Jefferson street, came along. Slomkin ran directly in front of the machine and was hurled forward. He fell between the east-bound tracks of the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad.

A car of the De Kalb avenue line run by Motorman Michael Lawler of 80 Cedar street came along and before Lawler could slow down the boy was struck and thrown thirty feet forward.

In the German Hospital it was found that the boy was suffering from a fracture of right leg, scalp lacerations, concussion of the brain and internal injuries.

\$3,000 Job for Dooley.

Commissioner of Records Charles H. Goff of Brooklyn, a Democratic beneficiary of one of the "ripper" bills, yesterday appointed former Register Matthew E. Dooley as superintendent of the department, a \$3,000 job. Mr. Dooley was the Democratic leader in the Twelfth Assembly district for several years before his upset by Michael E. Butler, and he has since been keeping up a fight to regain the leadership.

Chicago Claims 2,264,184.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Chicago has a population of 2,264,184, according to figures given out to-day by R. R. Donnelly & Sons, publishers of the city directory, the 1911 issue of which will be out next Monday. The figures for last year were 2,182,284, the gain being 78,900.

HERMITS WITH RICHES.

Men of Great Wealth Who Lived in Poverty.

The "vanity of riches" has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by the story of G. E. Dering, who recently died at Luckley Hall, Welwyn.

For the greater part of half a century this lord of many acres and of a quarter of a million in money, says *Wit-Bits*, has been content to lead the life of a hermit in his magnificent home, surrounded by a thousand acres of park land. His valuable pictures by Holbein, Fra Bartolomeo and other old masters have stood for a generation stacked three deep, with their faces turned to the walls. A generation of dust has settled undisturbed on Dresden vases, gold and enamel clocks, statuary and costly furniture.

Gorgeous carriages, rich with heraldic painting, lay rotting in his coach house; his front door was overgrown with ivy as high as the stone shield of arms that adorn it. Not even a lamb to graze on the waste with the hearing of the lord of this desolate mansion, and even the high road was deserted, that no sound of traffic should vex his ears. Thus, amid dust, decay and desolation, lived and died the owner of £25,000 a year, shunning the world and scorning his wealth.

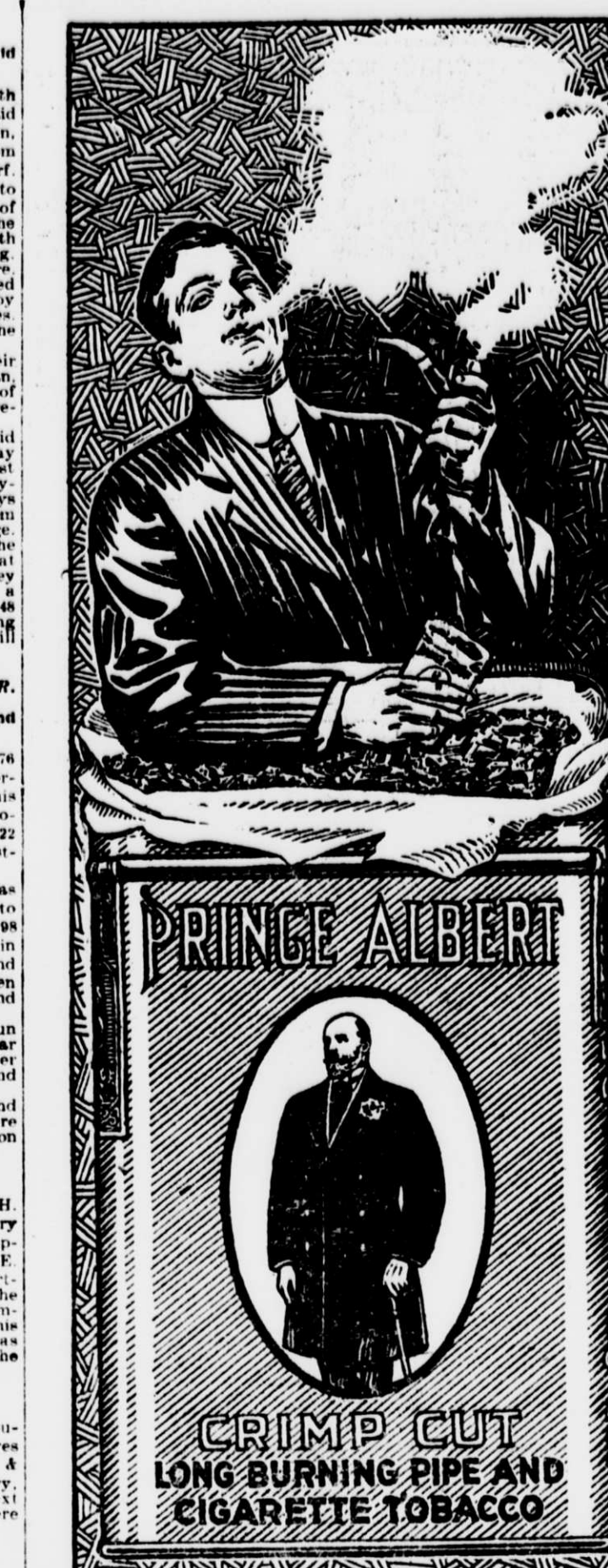
And so it has always been and always will be. One man squanders his gold, another hoards or despises it. It is but a few years since one of our wealthiest baronets—a man with a rent roll of £30,000 a year—died in a miserable attic near Waterloo Bridge. His sordid room was papered with illustrations from the weekly papers; he never crossed the threshold except for an occasional solitary ramble by night; no one was ever allowed to enter his dreary sanctum, his meals being left for him outside the door, and his long days were spent looking through his attic window on the moving panorama of the Thames.

While Sir Henry Delves Broughton was sitting at his attic window a man infinitely richer was walking the streets of St. Petersburg in the guise of the beggar, pocketing the alms of charitable passersby and gleefully carrying back his spoil to his miserable two storied cottage in one of the cities slums.

This was the only "palace" of the multi-millionaire Colodovnikov, where he lived among his decrepit sticks of furniture with an old housewife. Here he would sit, shivering through the cold winter days, too miserly to allow himself a fire or even to brighten the dark house with the light of a solitary candle. For twenty years he was known to wear only one suit, "thing of shreds and patches," scarcely a vestige of the original cloth remaining. And yet this sordid living hermit was one of the greatest landholders of railway magnates in all Russia, a man who left behind him a hundred million rubles. Far wealthier than many kings, he led a life from which most peasants would have shrunk, he was buried in 1914 that decided him to forswear the world and all its vanities.

Within a few weeks of the death of Mr. Colodovnikov there died an attic man in Berlin slum one Herr Schwartz, who was known to and pitied by his neighbors as the poorest of the poor. He sallied out daily into the fashionable quarters dressed in rags and carrying a sack in which he collected crusts.

He lived alone and died alone a mere bag of bones surrounded by riches, for in his room were found £40,000 in gold, silver and jewels, and in the water trough his pillows and mattress were stuffed.

Hep! Hep! Hep!
for
Prince
Albert!!!

One mornin'—long time ago now—I go into a tobacco-ry lookin' for real smokin' tobacco that wouldn't make a fellow's tongue feel like it was on fire. I looked 'em all over—red boxes, blue ones and green ones with nice names. Yes, But I don't fall for names; no, not lately. Well, the pilot of the ship was an eminent pipe-ol-ogist himself. He just reaches after a tidy trim tin of P. A. and he says, says he—"Connect with this; it's a bird—with dresin' and gravy." I did, and I stuck cause I can't let go of

PRINCE
ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

Good? You bet. It's some smokin' in a jamey pipe. And carry a deck of papers with you for cigarette makins, too. Go to P. A. and stay. You'll like it. It has a way of makin' itself one of the family and has the glad hand for the bunch. Yes, Hep! Hep! Hep! for Prince Albert, the national joy smoke. Go and barter a dime for the first session with the real joy.

P. A. is produced by an exclusive patented process that takes out the bite. No P. A. smoker ever was stung.

All smoke-shops. In 10 cent tins, 5 cent cloth bags and pound and half-pound Humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

WALDO SHAKES 'EM UP AGAIN

CAPTAINS COHEN AND FORMOSA ARE NOW INSPECTORS.

Three Inspectors Are Shifted and Seven Precinct Commanders Transferred—Russell Goes From Staten Island to Brooklyn—O'Brien in New District.

Commissioner Waldo yesterday gave the merry Police Department pot another vigorous stir. Two new inspectors came to the top, three inspectors and seven captains were transferred, one lieutenant was promoted, one sergeant and one patrolman were promoted.

Capt. Henry Cohen and Capt. Charles A. Formosa are the new inspectors. Capt. Cohen was one of the several new captains named after Commissioner Waldo took office. He was in charge of the Far Rockaway police station for a time and lately has been in charge of the public office squads in Police Headquarters. He takes command of the Eleventh Inspection district, with headquarters in the Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn.

Capt. Formosa has been for some time in command of the Leonard street station and takes charge of the Ninth Inspection district, with headquarters in Gates avenue, Brooklyn.

Lieut. Frank A. Rohrig, who topped the eligible list, was made captain; Sergt. Thomas H. Barry was promoted to lieutenant, and Patrolman John F. Conway is made a sergeant.

Some inspectors are shifted also. Inspector Stephen O'Brien, who leaves the Eleventh district for Inspector Cohen, has been put in charge of a new inspection district in Brooklyn, the Sixteenth. This includes the Fourth avenue station, the Fifth avenue station, the Bath Beach station, the Lawrence avenue station and Prospect Park. Inspector Robert E. Dooley, who has been in the Brooklyn headquarters known as the Eighth Inspection district, goes to the Fifteenth district. Inspector Patrick J. Harkins leaves the Ninth district and succeeds Inspector Dooley in the Eighth.

Capt. John J. Russell, who was recently demoted from the position of inspector in charge of the Detective Bureau and sent to the Hamilton avenue station, Brooklyn, is promoted to sergeant. Capt. Michael Conboy, who was made a captain at the same time Cohen was, goes from the Hamilton avenue station, Brooklyn, to Delancey street, Manhattan. Capt. John D. Omsby, another of the new captains, who has been at College Point, goes to the Leonard street station, Brooklyn, to Delancey street, Manhattan. Capt. Edward Gallagher, who has been in all sorts of trouble lately, is transferred from the Greenwich street station to College Point. Gallagher was fined ten days pay for not obeying an order to date and men to carry posts. And fined thirty days pay recently because men in his precinct were out of post.

Capt. John F. Tappin, who was recently reinstated by Commissioner Waldo after being dismissed by Commissioner Crosey, is sent from Bridge D to Greenwich street. Capt. Frederick W. Martens of the East Eighty-eighth street station goes to Bridge D and men to carry posts. And fined thirty days pay recently because men in his precinct were out of post.

Inspector Cohen has made a name for himself in the department as a statistician. He worked out most of the details for the stationary posts recently put into effect by Commissioner Waldo and worked out the intricate plan of the new three platoon system. He has been in the department nineteen years. He was appointed in 1892, made a roundsman in 1896, a lieutenant in 1901 and a captain in May of this year.

He spent some time before the mast as a sailor in the Far East and helped back up Oom Paul in the Boer war. He was a reporter for a time and then joined the force. He made a number of records at the time of the 1906 election.

has been stashed by rowdies while patrolling his post.

Inspector Formosa was a detective under Byrnes and is regarded as one of the best in the department. He was born in Genoa, Italy, and joined the force in 1888. He was made a captain in 1892.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DONKEY.

How He Was Bought—His Easy Life at Windsor.

From the *Graphic's* Own Paper.

When Queen Victoria was at Aix-les-Bains in 1892 she found great difficulty in walking, and complained that she had no means of locomotion fit for easy and immediate use. One afternoon as she was driving by the edge of the Lac de Bourget she met a peasant jogging along in a small cart drawn by a donkey. The animal was still young, but so thin and so ill groomed that he was very little to look at.

The Queen stopped her carriage and beckoned to the fellow. "Would you care to sell me your donkey?" she asked. Not knowing to whom she was speaking the peasant replied, with the usual distrust which country people entertain for those who come from the towns, "All depends."

"How much did you pay for him?" asked

the Queen. "A hundred francs, and he is cheap at the price." "I'll give you two hundred. Will you take it?" After some hesitation the bargain was struck.

After the donkey became the Queen's property it was set to draw her Majesty along the little roads and narrow ways, as he was named, led an easy, gentle and agreeable life. When the Queen was about to return to Savoy in 1893 it was decided that the donkey should be taken with her on the journey.

On the day of his arrival at Aix the donkey proved that he had a good memory. He broke loose from the wagon in which he was carried, sniffed the air of his native land with delight, took his bearings and scampered away before any one could lay hands upon him, making straight for the stable where he had been so well looked after in the previous year.

Jacquet, in fact, managed before attaining middle age to secure for himself a career which many a court functionary might have envied. Pampered, well-treated and respected, he retired into private life some years before the Queen's death, and ended his days at Windsor, where he was treated as the equal of any thoroughbred.

No Wonder This is the Most Delicious Beer!